All For Fifty Cents

By RITA KELLEY

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Color and the state of the stat He was a squat china piece with mercenary eyeholes and a slit down his back. It was a standing joke at Miss Folke's boarding "home" that when any one dropped a spot on the tablecloth he had to drop a coin into the pig's hungry sides. Once a week the | the pig." porker was slaughtered and the proceeds used for flowers.

Miss Mattle was dressing for a walk one morning when the peaked landlady who quarreled with all ber trades people came to the door, pig in hand.

"Miss Mattie," she said, "would you like to buy some flowers for the table?" "Delighted!" Miss Mattle finished, pinning a huge bunch of violets on her gray coat. "What kind shall I get?"

"Well"-Miss Folke sat down on the edge of the divan and began shaking the pig-"there's carnations and roses. and they usually throw in some ferns or leaves. Just do as you please about it. I thought there was more money in here." She thumped the pig's head on her knee until the last coin fell out. "Only 65 cents!" Miss Folke had a way of making people conscious of their shortcomings. The pig looked glum.

"But aren't you glad you didn't get your tablecloth all spotted up?"

"Oh, that isn't it. But we shall have to save some money for Easter Sunday, and you can get so few flowers for 50 cents," Miss Folke had a grievance against her trades people, and they retaliated by invariably giving her short measure, "Well"-she stacked up a half dollar in pennies and nickels-"I guess that will have to do."

"How many ought I to get for 50 cents?"

"They'll turn up their noses at you at a florist's and give you two or three stale flowers that will be all withered the second day. You'd better go to the street booth over by the 'L' station and tell them if they give you good flowers you'll come again."

"Stick up their noses at me!" said Miss Mattle, ignoring Miss Folke's suggestion, "Don't ever worry, Miss Folke. I'll get some flowers that will make you gasp with surprise and pleasure. I'd just like to see them stick up their noses at me," she threatened as she paused to smile bewilderingly at Miss Folke before closing the cutside

She passed several exclusive florists' shops before she found one to her satisfaction. It was by far the handsom est of all. Gripping her 50 cents inside her glove, she swept in like a breath and stood in the midst of the most beautiful flowers she had ever seen. A remarkably handsome young man was standing in the rear beside a bank of palms, holding some smilax.

"Some flowers," she said, smiling and nodding at him.

He looked up surprised. Then, looking at some one behind the palms, he turned, spoke to one of the assistants and came forward eagerly.

"Now, what would you like?" He waved his hand gracefully toward the masses of roses and crimson carna-

"Oh, beautiful" breathed Miss Mattie in an ecstasy. "I should like"-she clutched the coins stowed away in her glove and smiled dazzlingly-"a flower for a penny."

"What!" For a moment it looked as though the young man was going to prove disagreeable. Miss Mattie's smile became momen

tarily more bewitching. "Yes," she continued, whirling ber

muff airily around her hand; "I just slaughtered the boarding house pig. and I want all the nice flowers you can give me for 50 cents. Aren't those lovely!" She pointed to some rare orchids. The young man was amused. Miss

Mattie was good to look at and had an unmistakable air of being accustomed to beautiful things. Yet 50 cents for orchids, which she distinctly seemed to favor! He coughed apologetically.

"Flowers are rather expensive," he ventured.

"Yes, I know," laughed Miss Mattle "These must be terribly high." She touched the violets on her coat linger ingly. "Think of the money you extort from rich young men. And I've only 50 cents. It was all the pig could spare. We had to save some for Easter, you know, and no one got many spots on the tablecloth this week."

The florist answered her smile. "The pig gets the money for the spots," she explained.

The young man looked as though be were immensely interested-in the pig "What would you like?" he asked again.

"I want just the most nice fresh flowers you can give me for a half dollar. It makes no difference what kiml. They told me I couldn't get any for so little money." Miss Mattle smiled.

The man bowed low. "T'll see what I can do for you," he said and strode to the rear of the store. Miss Mattle watched him admiringly as he stopped to speak to one of the men before he entered the ice room. She had not known such nice young men kept florist's shops. She moved a step or two to the right of the palms in

order to see him more distinctly. He was taking down one crimson carnation after the other, a spray of narcissus, some roses, an orchid. Miss Mattle looked away, afraid to trust her own eyes. He seemed rather an easily embarrassed young man-or was be amused? Miss Mattle did not dare to risk the doubt, for if he saw her observing him he might stop adding to the bunch. Miss Mattle had reasons of | the late cast.

her own for wishing as big a bouquet as possible. It signified in a way her sphere of influence on the susceptibililes of the young man.

When he emerged from the room Miss Mattle said, "Oh!" Miss Mattle knew how to say it long and express-The young man turned from the desk

and looked at her. He flushed ever so slightly and smiled. "All those for 50 cents?" Miss Mat-

tie had her muff under her chin. Her eyes were wide with wonder. The young man laughed as he glanced from her to some one back of the palms. "I wouldn't do this for every one, you understand. But I felt sorry for

"But there are too many. You can't afford to do it." Miss Mattie was refusing to take them from his hands. His tone was businesslike.

"Yes, I can. The pig may demand some larger orders some day, and we shall be glad to fill them. Merely an advertisement, you know."

"Yes, indeed, we get loads of flowers, and this is the very prettiest shop on the street." She smiled, "Are you sure these are fresh? Because if they are I'm coming again Saturday."

His face wore a broad smile as he urned after bowing her out and met an irritable chap emerging from behind the palms.

"You're a nice one," complained the chap, "flirting with my lady."

"Jack," innocently, "is she really?" "Of course. Didn't you see my violets on her coat?"

The young man laughed. "Just cancel that order for those oth-

er flowers for Miss Cromer," he called to one of the men. "And put these down to my account." Then he turned to Jack. "Simpleton!" he observed. Why didn't you get into the game?" Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"You wanted to see what she would do. You don't deserve her, Jack." "I suppose you think you do, palm-

ing yourself off as a florist." They had passed out into the street and stood looking after the girl with the huge package of flowers. The exflorist looked squarely into the disagreeable eyes of the man facing him.

"Jealous!" he commented shortly. "Yes, jealous, if you like, Are you going to be here next Saturday?" The young man of the flowers

brought his gaze back from the girl turning the corner. "I'll go you even to win her," he said. 'And I'll win."

Somewhat Confusing.

A certain member of the house of lords when traveling in Ireland took a fancy to a handsome Connaught lad and engaged him as footman.

"O'Brien," said his lordship to the new servant one morning, "see if your mistress is 'at home' today."

"That her ladyship is, your lordship," was the ready reply of the unsophisticated youth. "Sure, Ol jist saw her ladyship go into the dhrawing room." "You misunderstand me, O'Brien,"

said his lordship stiffly. "Go and ask your mistress if she is 'at home' today.' "Sure, now," muttered the puzzled footman as he obeyed, "if his lordship ain't quare! Why, Ot saw her ladyship with my own eyes! And now Of've got to ask her that same, and she's in the house all the tolme."

Then, thrusting his head into the drawing room, he asked, "Are you at home, my lady?"

"No, O'Brien; not today," replied his mistress, and the footman retired slow ly in utter bewilderment.

"Well, well!" exclaimed nouplused Pat. "Where does she think she is, poor soul? Sure, it's mad she is, and the master too. More's the pity!"-London Mail.

Brenking It Gently.

The greatest error that a father can make is to omit to note the year that is at the top of the current almanac and to forget that his sons grow older each year. The father who thinks his nineteen-year-old son is still a child is liable to get a shock.

"Beg pardon, father," says the lad who wishes to break the news gently, "but do you mind if I bring a friend in to supper this evening?

"I'll think it over, my boy."

"For a little music." "Does your friend sing?"

"Has a beautiful voice," says the lad enthusiastically; "like a nightingale." "Oh!" with incredulity. "What age?" "About my own age, father."

"Well, you can bring your friend; but, mind, it's not to be made a precedent. I don't want the house overrun with them. And no staying late," "She'll go back to her mother's at 10."

"It's a young lady I've been fond of for some time, father," blurts out the lad, "and we are going to get married soon!"-London-Star.

Vereschagin's War Pictures.

An art critic says of Vereschagin's war pictures: "The greater number of the artist's pictures were extremely poor as art, many of them rising not above peep show value, and not a few are utterly insincere. Yereschagin dehis pictures was their faithfulness to scenes witnessed by himself, get he depicted in Blowing From Guns in British India' respectable Mohammedans being slaughtered by British soldiers in uniforms of today, though nothing of the kind has occurred since the mutiny. He showed the Entry of the Prince of Wales' into an Indian city in the blazing sunlight, though the official artist who accompanied the king says that through a delay the entry was accomplished by night. The painter himself admitted to me that the picture of the British soldier left to die and fester alone in the jungle originally represented a Russian soldier, but was altered on account of the anger of

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A TRIP TO A STAR.

The Ages of Time It Would Take One to Reach Centauri.

"Let us suppose a railway to have been built between the earth and the fixed star Centauri," said a lecturer. "By a consideration of this railway's workings we can get some idea of the enormous distance that intervenes between Centauri and us.

"Suppose that I should decide to take a trip on this new aerial line to the fixed star. I ask the ticket agent what the fare is, and he answers:

"The fare is very low, sir. It is only a cent each hundred miles.' "'And what, at that rate, will the through ticket one way cost? I ask. "'It will cost just \$2,750,000,000,' he

"I pay for my ticket and board the train. We set off at a tremendous rate. "'How fast,' I ask the brakeman, 'are we going?'

"'Sixty miles an hour, sir,' says he, 'and it's a through train. There are no stoppages.' "'We'll soon be there, then, won't

we? I resume. "'We'll make good time, sir,' says the brakeman.

"'And when will we arrive?" "'In just 48,663,000 years.' "-Philadelphia Bulletin.

SACRED STONES.

Some That Claim to Mark the Center of the Universe.

The sacred black stone of the Manchu dynasty of Chinese in Mukden is the center of the universe, according to old Chinese superstitions, and added venerability comes to Mukden from the graves of the emperors near by.

The Do-ring in Lassa, Tibet, is another center of the universe, which, according to the Tibetan priests, is shaped exactly like the shoulder blade of a sheep. All distances are measured from it, and it is very sacred.

Another center is the kaaba, in Mecca, a dirty black stone let into the wall of the most sacred mosque and polished every year by the lips of thousands of worshipers. The Arabic word for stone, "hagar," appears in Scriptural writings as a proper name. The Mecca pilgrimage is a "haj," and those who have taken it are known as "hadji."

Even so sane a people as the ancient Greeks came pretty near worshiping a stone-the "omphalos," or center of the earth, at Delphi. The Romans set up a stone of great consequence in Rome, but for purposes of measurement, not worship, and so the "London stone" of today is used,-London Telegraph.

AN INTERESTING TREE.

The Shellbark Hickory Is a Rugged Native American.

The shellbark hickory is perhaps the most interesting tree we have, because it is a strictly American tree and so wedded to its native soil that it refuses to become a citizen of any other country. In the sturdiness of its roots and trunk, in the boldness in which it flings out its tough branches, in its strong individuality of character and in its general fruitfulness, not forgetting its uncouth roughness of bark, it further manifests its strong Americanism. Its winter buds are large and interesting. Early in spring the dark brown outer scales fall away. The inner scales then lengthen to protect the growing leaf, sometimes attaining a length of five inches. These inner scales are marvels of beauty both in texture and in color. The body of the scale is thick and leathery, while its surfaces, especially the inner, are soft, with a silken nap gorgeously dyed in yellow, orange and red, suggesting the chimney corner and the heat which glows from a hickory log.-Frank French in Scribner's.

Queer Lot of Names. Miss Death was brought to the German hospital in Philadelphia to be operated upon for appendicitis. She was a daughter, she said, of an undertaker. The name of the surgeon who was chosen to perform the operation was

Dye-Dr. Frank Hackett Dye. When the operation was over Miss Death was placed in charge of two

Miss Payne is the day nurse; Miss Grone is the night nurse. The patient recovered rapidly, and in a short time bade goodby to Dr. Dye, Miss Payne and Miss Grone.-Fuel.

Cautious.

In Aberdeen can be found a court official who is as good a type of the canny Scot as one would meet anywhere. On a recent occasion an important witness failed to appear, and the judge was furious.

"Why isn't he here?" demanded his honor. "It's his duty to be here. Where

The official, with true Scotch canniness, replied, "Weel, I'll no say for that-but he's dead."

The Absurd Poor. "Give you a nickel?" said Miss De Style. "Oh, no! I never dispense promiscuous alms. Why do you not obtain employment?"

"Please, mum," was the timid reply. I have a small baby, and people won't be bothered by a woman with a child." "Then, you absurd creature, why not leave the child at home with its nurse?" -Philadelphia Bulletin.

Stuttered Out the Child's Name, Flannery-It seems his full name is Dinnis K. K. K. Casey. What's all thim K's fur? Finnegan - Nothin'. "Twas the fault of his godfather stutterin' whin he tried to say "Dinnis Casey."-Philadelphia Ledger.

The excessive love of money is one of the widest doors to the penitentlary. -Cleveland Leader

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